

NATIONAL RECORDER.

"Nec aranearum sane textus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster vilius quia ex alienis libamus ut apes."

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Translated for the National Recorder.

[FROM LE FRANCE PARLEUR.]

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

Paris, 10th December, 1814.

"Cui non risere parentes."

VIRG. Ecl. iv.

"Ils n'ont jamais connu le souris d'une mere."

The events of this world are connected together by a chain sometimes so imperceptible, that we cannot give too much importance to the most minute details of life. It was, or at least it appeared to be quite indifferent whether I should dine at one house or at another on Friday last; nevertheless, the choice that I made has been the first cause of an event that has changed the lot of two persons, of whom one, that entered into life under the most cruel auspices, is now destined to pass through it with every advantage that can make it desirable, and surrounded by all the tender affections that make it dear to us.

I dined last week with Duterrier, at the house of an old friend of my wife, Madame Dubelloy, whose husband died gloriously at the head of a regiment of cavalry that he commanded in the first Prussian campaign. This lady complained bitterly of Fate, that had envied her the happiness of being a mother. My friend Duterrier, to whom paradoxes cost nothing, and who sustains them with more logic than feeling, undertook to prove to Madame Dubelloy, near whom he was placed at table, that maternal love was entirely a factitious feeling, in which instinct had the smallest part, and of which habit made all the charm and all the force. "The proof," added he, "that they attribute to nature, upon this point as upon many others, more importance than she really deserves, is that a mother, whose infant has been changed at nurse, is not informed by her heart of the deception that has been practised upon her; she will experience for the strange infant all the tenderness that she would have felt for her own; and of course, if the error should be discovered, the real son would re-enter with great difficulty into the birthright of love, of which his

mother would have involuntarily deprived him.

"The cares that are bestowed upon early infancy, the first caresses that are received from it, the sweet pleasure of seeing a little human being increase in size and height by your care and in your sight, such is the principal, not to say the only source, of maternal love.

"One may be a mother at pleasure," continued he; "there is in Paris, to the eternal honour of the beneficent man who founded it, a hospital where *society* collects all the orphans that *nature* has abandoned. There, the most illustrious blood is sometimes in the same cradle with the meanest; the fruits of misconduct, of error, of seduction, are admitted to partake of the same cares, and mystery extends over the cradle of those children a veil which imagination may cover at its pleasure with the delusions of birth.

"Why is it that so many women, who, like you, pine with desire for a happiness that nature refuses them—why is it that they do not have recourse to this *maternity by adoption*, of which the Foundling Hospital would be a never failing source? There, madam, chance would not enter into your choice; an agreeable figure, the charm of a first smile, the indications of strength and health, the sex, are so many motives to determine your selection; it is not merely the child of your love, but the very child that you wish you may obtain."

The abrupt peroration of my friend Duterrier, caused a laugh; and as I feared that two young gentlemen (of the number of those who finish their education at *Les Variétés**) would lay hold of a generous thought to stifle it under puns and *jeux des mots*, I exerted myself to bring the conversation to such an interesting point, as to banish frivolity from it. Some of the ladies exclaimed against this barbarous custom of abandoning infants:

"It is of very ancient date," answered Duterrier; "the elders of the tribes at Lacedæmon authorized parents to expose de-

* A minor theatre on the Boulevards so called.

formed children, and the most trifling family interest among the Athenians led to the same result.

"At Rome there was, I do not know in what place, a *Lacteal* column, at the foot of which they exposed the children that they would not or could not nourish; the compassion of those who passed by, saved some from death."

"It is not very creditable to European civilization," continued I, taking up the word, "that it is scarce a century and a half since the first public asylum for infants abandoned by their parents was opened at Paris. A man whom philosophers have placed in the first rank of sages, and whom the church has elevated to the station of a saint—the son of a poor Gascon labourer—by turns a slave at Tunis and preceptor to the cardinal de Retz—a village curate and almoner of the gallies, Vincent de Paule, carried into effect, by the mere force of religion and virtue, a work of charity, in the execution of which the government had often failed. To this name, consecrated in our memories, we too often forget to associate that of *Mademoiselle Legras*, (of a noble family that yet exists in the midst of us) whose whole fortune was employed to promote this sublime undertaking. Vincent de Paule gathered together in the church of St. Lazarus a great number of children that had been deserted, and in presence of the women who were charged with the care of them, pronounced a discourse that he terminated by this eloquent peroration:

"And now, ladies, compassion and charity have induced you to adopt these little creatures as your children; you have been to them mothers in goodness, since their natural mothers have abandoned them. Cease now to be their mothers, and become their judges; their life and death are placed in your hands; and I am about to collect your suffrages upon this important question: it is time to pronounce their sentence, and to know whether you will still continue to have compassion upon them. They will live, if you continue to extend to them your charitable care; if you forsake them, they will die."

The discourse of the Christian orator had a greater effect than the reasoning of Duterrier, and was followed by the fortunate result of awakening in the minds of some of the company, and particularly of Madame Dubelloy, a desire to accompany me in the visit that I proposed to make next day to the Foundling Hospital, of which I have to give some account.

We hear every day of the evil that has taken place during the last 20 years, but nobody mentions the good that has been done. In no part is this improvement so sensible as in the hospitals, where it was most necessary, and nowhere is it seen with more interest than in the establishment of a Foundling Hospital, confided to the special superintendence of M. Pelicot, one of the administrators of the hospitals, and to M. Hucherard, agent for superintendence.

I often attribute what seems wrong in our manners and habits, to the opinions and mistakes of the public; but I experience a great pleasure when I can point out to the national admiration and gratitude, men and things that appear to me worthy of them. I here find an opportunity, and shall to-day hasten to make use of it.

This hospital, established some years ago in the *Rue de la Bourbe*, was transferred the fourth of last October into the *Rue d'Enfer*, in a house that before 1789 was used as a school for young orators. One might almost believe that the founders had some presentiment of its future destiny, for more than a century ago, the following inscriptions were placed on the front of the chapel:

"Sanctissimæ Trinitati et infantia Jesu sacrum."*

And lower down:

"Invenietis infantum pannis involutum."†

The chapel at which we commenced our visit, has a noble simplicity. One is struck with the fine statue of Saint Vincent de Paule, by Stouf. It was a happy and affecting thought, to place the baptismal fonts before the eyes of the saint, who seems to smile on the children as they are presented. Going out of the chapel, we passed large repositories allotted to the preparation and distribution of the clothing of the children that are put out to nurse: we were struck with the admirable order that prevails in a place where the wants of every moment cause a continual movement and derangement.

The second story is occupied by the nursery and the infirmaries. This hall offers a spectacle equally interesting to the eyes and to the heart. One hundred and fifty iron cradles, arranged in two parallel lines, and furnished with linen of a shining whiteness, form its principal ornament. A circumstance that I must not forget to mention, is that the iron of which these cradles

* Dedicated to the Holy Trinity and to the child Jesus.

† You shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes.

are made, was the gates of the old building called the *Royal Portal*, of which, in 1793, a prison was made under the name, cruelly derisive of *The Free Portal*.

Casting our eyes upon a very old and very miserable painting which is placed above the fire place of the nursery, Madame Dubelloy expressed her surprise that none of our great painters had yet dedicated their pencils to the embellishment of this hallowed and interesting asylum. How many sublime subjects are offered to the genius of painting, in the life of the venerable founder of this institution. *Saint-Vincent-de-Paule at the market-place of St. Landry*, lamenting the fate of these deserted children, become the odious traffic of shame and misery. *The Assembly of Ladies at St. Lazarus*, in which he laid the foundation of this great and holy undertaking. *The Institution of the Sisters of Charity*, an inestimable advantage, of which the revolution had deprived this hospital, and which has recently been restored to it. With what interest would we see in this composition, that sister Giroud, whose portrait hangs at one extremity of the nursery, and who during forty years that she lived in the hospital, received in her arms *two hundred and twenty-one thousand deserted children*. The painter should not omit to place there, sister Bignon, the present superior of these devoted women, and whose angelic virtues can never be compensated in this world. "I do not know," continued she, "whether my heart misleads me, but it seems to me that the visit made by Madame Royale* to this house last month, would furnish to the celebrated painters who honour the French school, a subject for a picture, in which all that the imagination can conceive most picturesque, most affecting and most noble, might properly find a place."

I could have wished that my room and time would permit me to enter into details of the administration of an establishment, in the examination of which the public manners and morals are so much concerned; but I must confine myself to a sketch of the principal results.

There are annually received in the Foundling Hospital at Paris, five or six thousand children.

Those who are above two years old, are sent to the Hospital for Orphans in the *Faubourg St. Antoine*.

The number of children received from

* Wife of the Comte d'Artois, the king's brother.

the foundation of the establishment in 1640 to the 22d November, 1814, that is to say, in 174 years, amounted to 498,000.

It is curious to observe the annual increase. The number received in 1640 was 372; 486 in 1665; 1504 in 1690; 1840 in 1715; 3150 in 1740; 5496 in 1765; 5842 in 1790.

It is remarkable, that in 1793, and during three years of the revolutionary troubles, the number sensibly diminished, and did not amount to more than three or four thousand.

We may form an idea of the advantages arising from vaccination, and from the zeal and care of the present administrators, by noting, that in 1804, of 50,000 children, sent into the country to be nursed during the ten preceding years, there were but 3000 in existence; while of the same number of children put to nurse, in the same period of time, there are now 14,000 living.†

Of 4326 children, received at the hospital during the ten first months of the year 1814, 825 have died in the hospital. Lest this proportion of one to five should seem too much above the usual course of nature, it is necessary to remember that a great proportion of these children are born of mothers exhausted by fatigue, by misery and often by disease.

It would take many pages to finish my recital, but I must compress it into a few lines. Madame Dubelloy, whom the sophisms of Duterrier had not deceived, had experienced more of pity than of tenderness at the sight of the innocent creatures whose asylum we were about to leave. It happened that her coachman had left his horses, and while the footman went to look for him in the next tavern, we waited in the parlour. In the short space of time that we remained there, the bell that announces that an infant has been deposited was sounded three times. The last one was placed in the arms of Madame Dubelloy herself; it was a little girl that appeared to be about two or three months old, round the neck of which was hung a little bit of paper, on which was written the name *Henriette*, followed by three initials. In stepping forward to give it to the sister who came down to receive it, Madame Dubelloy slipped and fell with the

† The discovery of vaccination, and the great care of the present managers, have preserved 14,000 out of 50,000! This appears to prove that instead of *preserving*, the institution *destroys*, lives. If this were not the case, it would be difficult to decide upon its effects on the morals of the people.—TRANSLATOR.

child, who was a little hurt. The accident was considered by her as an admonition from above, reproaching her for giving up the child; she took it in her arms and covered it with kisses; the child replied by a smile mingled with tears—and the ceremony of adoption was performed in a moment with all the accustomed formalities.

FOR THE NATIONAL RECORDER.

PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL.

Abstract of the Accounts of the Pennsylvania Hospital, for the year ending 22d April, 1820.

PAID.

For provisions	\$12247 66
Funeral expenses, medicines, &c.	2349 72
Clothing, wood, &c. &c.	8103 64
Board of out-patients, servants' wages, &c. &c.	5425 08
Books, stationary, and electrical ma- chine	989 31
Cows, calves, and pigs	696 06
Hay, oats, &c. &c.	1908 42
West's painting	222 00
Repairs, &c.	1755 97
Steward's and matron's salary	800 00
Sundries, money lent, &c. &c.	21876 50
Balance in the hands of treasurer and steward	5100 70
	<hr/>
	\$61475 06

RECEIVED.

For board of patients, &c. &c.	\$34574 85
Articles sold	1079 17
Of students of medicine, &c.	730 50
A legacy	20. 00
Donations	71 00
Contributions	637 01
From persons viewing West's picture, &c.	1763 47
Gate and charity box	354 08
Sundries, money borrowed, &c. &c.	18517 96
Balance on hand last year	3727 02
	<hr/>
	\$61475 06

There were 945 patients; of whom 475 were cured, 44 were born in the house, 54 removed, 8 discharged for disorderly behaviour, 23 eloped, 52 died, and 209 remain.

Of the above number, 362 were poor, and were supported at the expense of the institution.

FOR THE NATIONAL RECORDER.

The essays of Poor Richard in Dr. Franklin's almanacs were of very great importance in teaching people the value of time and money, because the truths they contained were communicated in a simple and perspicuous manner. I do not mean to say that this was their only merit, for every thing that came from Dr. Franklin was full of sense and usefulness; but the

sound doctrines of that great man would have had much less effect, had they been delivered in the usual style of newspaper essays. Every body reads the newspapers, and I have often been surprised that men of great abilities do not more frequently make use of so extensive an instrument (if I may be allowed the expression) to inculcate moral and political truths upon the great body of the nation.

The permanence of our free institutions, and still more emphatically of our extensive union, depends upon the cultivation of sound doctrines in the public mind. To produce a great effect by the means I have spoken of, is far from being so difficult or so tedious an undertaking as is commonly supposed. A very good instance of what may be done has been given (as you observed in a former number) by the near approach of the manufacturers to the object of their wishes in excluding in a great degree foreign goods from our markets. A great part of their success was owing to the indefatigable industry and unwearied perseverance of *Mr. Mathew Carey*, to whose exertions, though (in my opinion) erroneously employed, I take this opportunity of paying a tribute of respect. If then so much has been done, in so short a time, by a single man, towards persuading the people to shut out all the conveniences and comforts they receive from Europe, and to subject themselves to higher prices, in the hope of being able to raise up manufacturing establishments here, how great would be the advantage arising to the nation, from as much industry employed in teaching the true principles of the science of political economy! If this were done even with moderate ability, it would be far more efficacious in banishing ignorant quackery from our legislative assemblies, than the exertion in those assemblies of the greatest talents.

Why, then, if the subject be of so much importance, and if so great an effect could so easily be produced, why is it that those who have paid attention to this matter will not give a portion of their time to so useful a purpose? Is there no one who feels a sufficient concern for the prosperity of the nation, to induce him to enter with some zeal into a contest with the errors that are so industriously spread abroad? Is there no man whose own interest will induce him to advocate the freedom of industry? It is a subject that concerns the poorest as well as the richest; for every man will find his labour or his capital more profitably employed, when the application

of the labour and the capital of every other man is unrestricted.

The immediate occasion of these reflections was the following circumstance, that occurred a few days ago. I had ridden from Philadelphia to Lancaster, and being weary on my arrival there in the evening, had been asleep in a chair at Mr. Slaymaker's chimney side, when I was roused by some loud conversation in the next room, and so much attracted by the subject that I listened very attentively. One of the speakers was dressed rather fashionably, and was perhaps about thirty years of age—the other was quite an old man, and at first sight I saw nothing in his countenance but an expression of good nature: but after I had attended for a few minutes to the conversation, I thought I perceived a great deal of good sense and reflection. I afterwards learned that his name was *Christian Schmidt*, and that he was a farmer in very easy circumstances. His companion was an inhabitant of Philadelphia, but I did not learn any thing more of him, as he was not known at the inn. After I was awake, the following conversation took place, as nearly as I can remember.

Philadelphian. Yes, yes, sir, I dare say it would all come right again, if we could live upon nothing for a few years; but while things are regulating themselves, as you say, the nation will be reduced to the greatest misery. Our ruinous importations will continue till the little industry that yet remains in the nation shall be destroyed. I see nothing before us but ruin, and my heart bleeds at the distress into which our labourers and their wives and children will fall. I am very much surprised that any man of common humanity can wish to continue a system of commerce in which the balance of trade is so much against us! And now Congress has adjourned without doing any thing, and another long year of misery is before us.

Mr. Schmidt. You are very warm, sir, and I cannot help thinking that your judgment is somewhat influenced by your feelings. I think I have as much pity for the distresses of the poor as you have, and if I cannot agree with you as to the cause of those sufferings, and the best means of relieving them, you will I hope believe that it is not from any want of common humanity, but from a real difference of opinion. I may be in an error, but I do not think I am, because the question appears to me to depend upon a few principles, and I think I can see them very distinctly. Now I have often found, that when I had an in-

correct opinion, my mind was somehow confused, and I have been rather disposed to jump to a conclusion than to go over all the reasons upon which I ought to have formed my opinion. However, we are often most in the wrong, when we are most positive that we are in the right; and so we will talk over the matter a little, and if you can show me that I am in an error, I am sure I shall be very glad to get out of it.

P. I acknowledge that I feel warm on the subject, as your say; but I cannot feel cool when I see our government systematically encouraging foreign industry at the expense of our own. A nation was never known to prosper when the balance of trade was against it.

S. I've heard a great deal about the balance of trade since this subject has been so much talked of, and I think this is the very point we differ about. But, before I say any thing more, I wish you would explain what you mean by the balance of trade.

P. If we buy more of England and France, and all the world, than they buy of us, the balance of trade is against us. That is to say, we are in their debt, and must pay the difference in gold and silver. But if we buy less of them than they buy of us, the balance is in our favour, and there will be plenty of money in the country.

S. That is the point;—you think money forms the whole riches of a nation, and I think it is a very small part. Do you really believe that the more the balance of trade is in our favour, the better it is for us?

P. I do most undoubtedly. That is as certain as a proposition in mathematics; for if a man spends less than he buys he must grow rich, and so it is with a nation.

S. Then if we could manage to persuade foreign nations to buy our products, and if we were to buy nothing in return, it follows that this would be the best possible business?

P. Certainly it would be.

S. Well, now I have been looking at Dr. Seybert's statistical tables, and I find that one year with another, for the last 30 years, there has been foreign merchandise brought in, to the value of seventy-five millions of dollars a year. Thirty times seventy-five millions is 2250 millions. Suppose this had all been money instead of goods. Now money is of no use but to buy and sell with. Nobody can eat or drink or wear money. It is of no service to any body till he parts with it. It is a circulating medium; that is to say, it

makes other things pass from one man to another in the way of business. Now let us suppose that the money wanted for this purpose for the last thirty years has been forty-five millions of dollars, (and this one year with another, for that time, would be rather too much than too little, I think.) Money does not wear out, and so the same sum would have lasted all that time. Now what would we have done with 2250 millions, which is just fifty times as much as we wanted? Suppose we had laid it by, it would have been dead. We would think one of our neighbours a very foolish man, if he kept ten or twenty thousand dollars buried in the earth, instead of improving his farm, or setting his sons up in business, because he would be losing the interest of the money all that time. And so it is with a nation. If we had a great deal more money than we want, we should lose by our trade, for we might have used all the flour and other things that we sent to Europe to hire people to go into our back countries and clear the land; or we might have given it to schoolmasters and to colleges, to instruct our children. But we can do nothing with the money, unless we send it to foreign countries to buy something that we want: and that you think would be a great evil.

FRANKLIN.

(To be continued.)

MANUFACTURES.

It appears from the following circular that the campaign is to be opened with great spirit by the manufacturers. We hope that some measures will be taken to prove to the public at large, and especially to the manufacturers, that although a government may by interfering with private interests do much evil, it can only "promote industry" by protecting persons and property.

—
FROM THE NEW YORK GAZETTE.

The Board of the National Institution for promoting Industry in the United States, to their fellow citizens.

CIRCULAR.

The Board feel it incumbent on them again to give notice, that a convention of the friends of National Industry, will be held in the city of New York on the first Wednesday of June next, to which they are invited to send delegates duly empowered.

When the leading journals of the administration of our general government openly advocate the doctrine, "that public disorders will best regulate themselves"—a sentiment, which, if correct, would prove the inutility of all social institutions; when ingenuity has been exhausted

to prove that legislative measures to sustain our manufactures, "is taxing the many for the benefit of the few"—it behoves the friends of national industry and national prosperity, to come out in their strength, and put down such sophistry, as the ebullitions of ignorance and the arguments of enemies to our republic.

The late proceedings of the Congress of the United States, show the necessity of a systematic and vigorous co-operation, to effect the objects of our association, which are, to promote the prosperity of the agricultural, the manufacturing, and commercial interests of the nation, by procuring from the government equal encouragement and protection to every branch of industry.

When we contemplate the policy which refuses relief to 30,000 petitioners—freemen—representing a vested capital of about 250 millions of dollars rendered unproductive for want of that protection which is voluntarily granted to the humblest subjects of despotic governments; when it is recollect that a considerable portion of this capital was vested during the war with the implied assurance, that it should be protected; and that on the return of peace, the government adopted a policy to encourage the importation of foreign fabrics to the destruction of our young establishments; we need look no further for the prolific cause of a great portion of the distress which pervades every department of industry, and has spread a deep gloom over the rising fortune of this nation.

The improvident conduct of government in thus neglecting to encourage and protect the arts, cannot but excite the astonishment of enlightened men of every nation. Our favoured rivals cannot refrain from the following expressions of scorn and contempt, which however wounding to our pride and love of charity, we must confess are merited. The "Edinburgh Review" in a late number says—"In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or looks at an American picture, or statue? who drinks out of American glasses? or eats out of American plates? or wears an American coat or gown? or sleeps in American blankets?" Let the advocates for "trade regulating itself" answer these questions, and prove that we are still the most enlightened among nations.

The Board are fully impressed with the opinion that effectually to accomplish the objects of the convention it will be necessary to adopt some system which shall promote the election to office of men of enlarged minds and firmness of character, who will keep a watchful eye over all the departments of productive industry, and guard their interest with paternal care. If the foundation is solid, the superstructure will be safe—the nation has too long built upon sand, and rested its hopes on a feeble basis. In behalf of the Board,

W. FEW, President.
JACOB T. WALDEN, Secretary.

Record.

Our readers will perceive that the following act excludes foreign vessels of war from Baltimore, Savannah, New Orleans, &c.

An act designating the ports within which only foreign armed vessels shall be permitted to enter.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That, after the first day of July, one thousand eight hundred and twenty, it shall not be lawful for any foreign armed vessels to enter any harbour belonging to the United States, excepting only those of Portland, Boston, New London, New York, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Smithville in North Carolina, Charleston, and Mobile; unless when such vessels shall be forced in by distress; by the dangers of the sea, or by being pursued by an enemy, and be unable to make any of the ports abovementioned; in which cases, the commanding officer shall immediately report his vessel to the collector of the district, stating the object or causes of his entering such harbour; shall take such position therein as shall be assigned him by such collector; and shall conform himself to such regulations as shall be signified to him by the said collector, under the authority and directions of the President of the United States.

Sect. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That it shall be lawful for the President of the United States to employ such part of the land and naval forces of the United States, or the militia thereof, as he may deem necessary to enforce the provisions of the first section of this act; and the President shall also be authorized to employ such forces to prevent any foreign armed vessel from entering or remaining within any waters within the jurisdiction of the United States, except such as shall lie in her direct course in entering from sea, or leaving to proceed to sea, either of the harbours abovementioned.

Sect. 3. *And be it further enacted,* That this act shall continue in force until the first day of July, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-two, and no longer.

Approved, May 15, 1820.

Mr. Clay has published in the Kentucky Reporter of May 3, a notice to his constituents, that he shall not at the next election be a candidate for a seat in Congress.

We are happy to learn that the celebrated Panorama of Athens, which was minutely described in our papers last autumn, and which has been with such distinguished liberality presented to the university at Cambridge, by colonel Theodore Lyman, has arrived in the London Packet, and will be exhibited for the gratification of the public, as soon as arrangements can be made for that purpose. [Bost. Pat.

Deaths in Philadelphia, from the 13th to the 20th May, 43.

MARRIED.

At Friends' North Meeting, on the 16th inst. Isaac B. Garriques, to Hannah S. Hart, eldest daughter of John Hart, all of this city.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Charles M. Dupuy, Mr. John Dupuy, jun. to Miss Mary R. Haskins, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Haskins.

On the 20th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, Mr. Nicholas Tillinghast, to Miss Eliza M. Wetherill, both of this city.

On the 22d inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop White, Peter Pedersen, esq. minister resident from the court of Denmark, near the United States, to Miss Ann Caroline Smith, eldest daughter of the late William Loughton Smith, esq. of South Carolina.

In New Orleans, in March last, James A. Maybin, esq. counsellor at law, to Miss Mary Willard, daughter of Mr. Aaron Willard, of Boston.

DIED.

On the 12th of March last, suddenly, at the inn of Dalwhinny, in Perthshire (being there on a journey), sir Alexander M'Kenzie, bart. of Avoch, Rossshire, well known for his indefatigable exertions in exploring the northwest part of this continent; being the first who ever traversed it from sea to sea.

At his residence, in Lewistown (Del.), on Sunday, the 7th inst. Thomas Rodney, esq. in the 45th year of his age.

On the 21st inst. in the 78th year of his age, Mr. Redmond Byrne, for many years a respectable inhabitant of this city.

On the 21st inst. after a long and painful illness, Sarah Lippincott, in the 73d year of her age.

Scientific Notices.

From Silliman's American Journal of Science, No. V.

AMERICAN CINNABAR AND NATIVE LEAD.

Extract of a Letter from B. F. Stickney, esq. dated Port Lawrence, Michigan Territory, Mouth of the Miami of the Lakes, June 17, 1819.

Remark.—In vol. i. p. 433, mention is made of American cinnabar and native lead. I have procured from Mr. Stickney, United States agent for Indian affairs, a statement of facts relative to a subject, which, so far as regards the cinnabar, is so important, and as regards the native lead, is so curious, that I have not been willing to abridge the statement. Some of the mercurial sand which Mr. Stickney enclosed in his letter was unfortunately lost, so that I have never seen a specimen.—*Ed.*

Cinnabar.

It is true, that there is in this vicinity, a large district of country abounding with sulphuret of mercury, more or less interspersed through the soil, in the state of a black and red cinnabarine sand, and in one place, the genuine red cinnabar occurs in the form of an impalpable powder or in small lumps and grains, interspersed in banks of clay. This is near the mouth of the Vermilion river, discharging itself into Lake Erie, about eighty miles southeast of this place. From the mouth of the Vermilion, round the whole shore of the western end of Lake Erie, on the shores of Detroit river, Lakes St. Clair, Huron, and Michigan, the banks are streaked with small reefs of this black and red sand of cinnabar. The whole body of the soil is interspersed with this sand through the whole of this extensive district of country. But generally it is more abundant in banks of fine ferruginous clay. When gentle

breezes agitate the lakes and wear away their banks, the water bears off the lighter particles of earth and leaves the heavy sand predominant, when it is found in great abundance. But after a violent storm, there is scarcely any to be seen; for the great agitation of the whole sand of the shore, gives an opportunity to the ore of mercury, to find a lower level, in conformity to its much greater specific gravity.

Native Lead.

As the existence of native lead has been so much disputed, I will give you a full history of the circumstances that led to the discovery, and the evidence of its existence.

In the summer of 1812, a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, by the name of Johnston, a clerk in the store kept by the United States, for the purpose of Indian trade, at Fort Wayne, but not at all acquainted with mineralogy, told me that he, in company with five or six persons more, had found in the bed of the Anglaize river, near its mouth, a stone of uncommon appearance, and great specific gravity, and weighing thirteen pounds. The description which he gave of its colour and of the form of its crystals, corresponded with galena; but he stated that there were some soft metallic spots, that might be cut with the same ease as lead, and had the appearance of that metal; that the stone was broken, and he and several others of the party took pieces of it. I desired to see the piece which he had; but upon search, found it to have been misplaced. About one year and a half since, a French lady, who was one of the party mentioned, related to me the same circumstances, and produced the piece she had preserved, weighing about five ounces, and answering the description that had been given. I found it to be a galena of the common lead colour, in very brilliant cubic crystals, inlaid in one direction with slips of perfectly metallic lead, about a line wide, and the sixth of a line thick, and the length extending across the piece of ore. I tried its fusibility by the blowpipe, and submitted it to tests.

I have sought in vain near the spot where it has been represented that this specimen was found to find more. I think it is probable there is a large mass farther up the river, that the piece found was frozen into the ice, and floated down with it to the place where the ice thawed.

In conformity to your request, I have given you as full an account as is in my

power, of the sulphuret of mercury and native lead.

Bubbles blown in Rosin.

The following curious fact is mentioned in a letter to the editor, from Mr. Samuel Morey, of Orford, N. H.

If the end of a copper tube (a pipe stem will answer) be dipped in melted rosin, at a temperature a little above that of boiling water, taken out and held nearly in a vertical position, and blown through, bubbles will be formed of all possible sizes, from that of a hen's egg to those which can hardly be discerned by the naked eye; and from their silvery lustre, and reflection of the different rays of light, they have a pleasing appearance. Some that have been formed these eight months, are as perfect and entire as when first made. They generally assume the form of a string of beads, many of them perfectly regular, and connected by a very fine fibre—but the production is never twice alike. If filled with hydrogen gas, they would probably occupy the upper part of the room.

In a letter to Mr. Morey, the editor attributed the *formation* of these bubbles to the common cause, viz. the distention of a viscous fluid by one that is aeriform; and their *permanency* to the sudden congelation of the rosin, thus imprisoning the air by a thin film of solid matter, and preventing its escape.

The temperature at which the bubbles are formed, being very low, even this very thin resinous globe, might be strong enough to resist the small atmospheric pressure arising from the condensation of the included air by cooling.

In a letter, dated March 28th, 1820, Mr. Morey replies: "The cause you assign for the permanent formation of the rosin bubbles is undoubtedly correct. A little girl came running to me one evening, with, as she said, about two thirds of a string she had formed from the rosin of one of the stove lamps, while burning. It consisted of twenty-two or twenty-three beads, each about one third of an inch long and one fourth of an inch in diameter, connected together by a fine fibre, less than one eighth of an inch long. In passing my eye repeatedly from one end to the other, I could not discover any difference in their length, form, or size, or in the distance they were apart, except two or three at one end. Considering that the temperature of the rosin, and the materials, and the pressure are always the same, I have no idea what governs the formation of the bead different from that of the fibre. When I mentioned

it to you, I did not suppose it was new, and if so, I thought it very uncertain whether you would think it worthy noticing in the Journal.

From Schoolcraft on the Lead Mines of Missouri, &c.

Loadstone. (*Native Magnet.*)—This substance is found on the banks of the Washitaw River, at a place called the *Cove*, fifteen miles below the Hot Springs, in Clark County, Arkansaw Territory. The quantity is represented as very great, and it possesses a strong magnetic power. At the same place, other ores of iron are abundant, also pyrites, quartz, white vitriol, &c.

Copper. (*Native.*)—A mass of native copper weighing seven pounds, and another weighing three pounds, have been discovered on the highlands back of Harrisonville, the seat of justice for Monroe county, Illinois. Some attempts have also been made to make a discovery of copper ore at that place, and a shaft was sunk about forty feet deep, in the summer of 1817; but rainy weather commencing in the fall of that year, the shaft was abandoned, and has not since been occupied. In digging that depth, a red compact oxyd of iron and copper was found, and there is reason to conclude, that ores of copper will be found in that neighbourhood. Native copper has also been found on Big Muddie River, in Illinois.

Alum.—There is a cave in Bellevue, Washington County, Missouri Territory, which yields alum. It is found effloresced.

Native Iron.—A mass of native iron, weighing upwards of three thousand pounds, was discovered several years ago, on the banks of Red River, in Louisiana, and is now in the collection of the Historical Society in the New York Institution. Its shape is irregular, inclining to oviform, its surface deeply indented and covered by an oxyd of iron, and it is much broader at the bottom, where it has rested on the earth, than at the top, inclining somewhat in the manner of a cone. By several experiments which have been made upon different pieces of it, there appears to be a want of uniformity in its quality, some parts being very malleable and ductile, while others possess nearly the hardness of steel. It is susceptible of the highest polish, and is said to contain some nickel. Col. Gibbs, through whose munificence this rare specimen of the physical productions of our country has been placed among the collections of the Historical Society, has

discovered in its interior, octahedral crystals of singular beauty, some of which are half an inch in length, and striated.

This mass of iron was found about one hundred miles above Natchitoches, on Red River, on one of those rich and extensive prairies so common to that part of the country, and about twelve miles from the banks of the river. Other pieces have been found in that neighbourhood, and if reliance is to be placed on information from travelling into that quarter, very large masses of native iron now exist there.

Hydrogen Gas.—A phenomenon which has for several years excited the attention of travellers, under the name of a *burning spring*, exists on one of the principal forks of Licking River, Kentucky. It is situated about three fourths of a mile from the banks of the river, and about eighty miles above its junction with the Ohio, opposite Cincinnati. A spring here breaks out at the foot of a hill, forming a basin of water about six feet in diameter, and two feet deep, at the bottom of which issues a stream of hydrogen gas, which in volume and force is about equal to the blast forced from a common smith's bellows, but there is no cessation of its force, which is such as to create a violent ebullition in the water. Being heavier than common atmospheric air, the gas on passing up through the water, constantly occupies the surface, which is still the lower part of an indenture in the earth at that place. On presenting a taper, this gas instantly takes fire, and burns with great brilliancy. There is no absorption of it by the water, which possesses the purity of common spring water; neither is any offensive odour thrown off,—a circumstance which leads me to conclude, that it is *carburetted hydrogen*, which is probably liberated by the spontaneous operation of physical agents on a stratum of stone coal at some depth below.

This spring has been known to dry up entirely in the summer, when the air rushes out with increased force, accompanied by a hissing noise. There is nothing like smoke emitted; a fresh peeled sapling, held over the flame, does not receive the least colouration, and meat may be roasted over the flame without contracting any disagreeable flavour.

Professor Encke, of Gotha, has published a very plausible calculation, to prove the identity of the comet of 1805, with that of last summer.

Miscellany.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

The following touching and tender tale, we extract from Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for March; a work which bids fair to rival any in Great Britain. We are gratified in having it in our power to present to our readers so rich a repast. It represents one of the most interesting scenes, and is described in the most lively and affecting manner; so much so that it is impossible for those who have known the affection of a parent or the endearments of con-nubial happiness, to read it without emotion. Those who *can* shed tears, will not restrain them here. The characters are very striking. That of the parson, whose white head had felt the peltings of so many wintry storms, and who seemed almost an emblem of that season, from national peculiarities, is not so familiar and pleasing to us; but his diligence in the performance of his parochial duties, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, is a noble example, well becoming his sacred office. The feelings of the little grandson, half fearing, half hoping, will be familiar to those who have seen a parent suffering under sickness, and apparently near the grave, and have promised to themselves to make any sacrifice, to perform any duty, however difficult, if that precious life might only be spared. The affection which nature instils into a child, and which parents ought to inspire, we see as it were transferred to the grandfather; who had performed the duties of a father towards him. Nor is the daughter less prettily described. She appears so long to have silently mourned the misconduct of a husband, with the loss of other friends, that her heart seemed ready to admit grief, because it had so frequently and familiarly entered it. But when we are introduced to the dying elder, we behold religion in all its beauty, and anticipate for the good old man, the joy and crown which he is leaving us to inherit. We view him at the end of his labours, going to take possession of the promised rest, and whilst we are affected we rejoice in his happy dismission. How tenderly, even in his last moments, does he speak of his wife, and assure his surrounding friends that he had never forgotten her. A new scene takes place when the prodigal son enters. What strength of affection does the old man exhibit, notwithstanding the many provocations which he has received. He does not upbraid him with past misconduct, but only ardently hopes that his future life will be better; even his neglected wife pleads for him, and cannot endure the sternness of the parson. And they all kneel round the old man, to receive his patriarchal blessing. On the whole, it is a most lively and interesting tale, the whole group are executed to the life, and introduced with the art of the finest painter.

THE ELDER'S DEATH BED.

It was on a fierce and howling winter day that I was crossing the dreary moor of Auchindown, on my way to the manse of that parish, a solitary pedestrian. The

snow, which had been incessantly falling for a week past, was drifted into beautiful but dangerous wreaths, far and wide over the melancholy expanse; and the scene kept visibly shifting before me, as the strong wind that blew from every point of the compass struck the dazzling masses, and heaved them up and down in endless transformation. There was something inspiring in the labour with which, in the buoyant strength of youth, I forced my way through the storm, and I could not but enjoy those gleamings of sunlight that ever and anon burst through some unexpected opening in the sky, and gave a character of cheerfulness, and even warmth to the sides of the summits of the stricken hills. Sometimes the wind stopt of a sudden, and then the air was as silent as the snow; not a murmur to be heard from spring or stream, now all frozen up over those high moorlands. As the momentary cessations of the sharp drift allowed my eyes to look onward and around, I saw here and there up the little opening vallies, cottages just visible beneath the black stems of their snow covered clumps of trees, or beside some small spot of green pasture kept open for the sheep. These intimations of life and happiness came delightfully to me in the midst of desolation; and the barking of a dog attending some shepherd in his quest on the hill, put fresh vigour into my limbs, telling me, that lonely as I seemed to be, I was surrounded by cheerful though unseen company, and that I was not the only wanderer over the snows.

As I walked along, my mind was insensibly filled with a crowd of pleasant images of rural winter life, that helped me gladly onwards over many miles of moor. I thought of the severe but cheerful labours of the barn; the mending of farm gear by the fire side; the wheel turned by the foot of old age, less for gain than as a thrifty pastime, the skilful mother making "auld claes look amast as weel's the new;" the ballad unconsciously listened to by the family all busy at their own tasks round the singing maiden, the old traditional tale told by some way-farer hospitably housed till the storm should blow by; the unexpected visit of neighbours on need or friendship; or the footstep of a lover undeterred by snow drifts, that have buried up his flocks; but above all, I thought of those hours of religious worship that have not yet escaped from the domestic life of the peasantry of Scotland; of the sound of psalms that the depth of snow cannot deaden to the ear of Him to whom they

are chanted; and of that sublime Sabbath keeping, which on days too tempestuous for the kirk, changes the cottage of the shepherd into the temple of God.

With such glad and peaceful images in my heart, I travelled along that dreary moor with the cutting wind in my face, and my feet sinking in the snow, or sliding on the hard blue ice beneath it; as cheerfully as I ever walked in the dewy warmth of a summer morning, through fields of fragrance and of flowers. And now I could discern, within half an hour's walk, before me, the spire of the church; close to which stood the manse of my aged friend and benefactor. My heart burned within me as a sudden gleam of stormy sunlight tipt it with fire; and I felt, at that moment, an inexpressible sense of the sublimity of the character of that grey headed shepherd who had, for fifty years, abode in the wilderness, keeping together his own happy little flock.

As I was ascending a knoll, I saw before me on horseback an old man, with his long white hairs beaten against his face, who nevertheless advanced with a calm countenance against the hurricane. It was no other than my father, of whom I had been thinking; for my father had I called him twenty years; and for twenty years my father had he truly been. My surprise at meeting him on such a moor, on such a day, was but momentary, for I knew that he was a shepherd who cared not for the winter's wrath. As he stopped to take my hand kindly into his, and to give his blessing to his long expected visiter, the wind fell calm; the whole face of the sky was softened, and brightness, like a smile, went over the blushing and crimsoned snow. The very elements seemed then to respect the hoary head of four score; and after our first greeting was over, when I looked around, in my affection, I felt how beautiful was winter.

"I am going," said he, "to visit a man at the point of death; a man whom you cannot have forgotten, whose head will be missed in the kirk next Sabbath by all my congregation; a devout man, who feared God all his days, and whom, on this awful trial, God will assuredly remember. I am going, my son, to the Hazle-Glen."

I knew well in childhood that lonely farm-house, so far off among the beautiful wild green hills; and it was not likely that I had forgotten the name of its possessor. For six years' Sabbaths I had seen the ELDER in his accustomed place beneath the pulpit; and, with a sort of solemn fear, had

looked on his steadfast countenance during sermon, psalm and prayer. On returning to the scenes of my infancy, I now met the pastor going to pray by his death bed; and with the privilege with which nature gives us to behold, even in the last extremity, the loving and the beloved, I turned to accompany him to the house of sorrow, resignation and death.

And now, for the first time, I observed, walking close to the feet of his horse, a little boy of about ten years of age, who kept frequently looking up in the pastor's face, with his blue eyes bathed in tears. A changeable expression of grief, hope and despair, made almost pale, cheeks that otherwise were blooming in health and beauty, and I recognised, in the small features and smooth forehead of childhood, a resemblance to the aged man whom we understood was now lying on his death bed. "They had to send his grandson for me through the snow, mere child as he is," said the minister to me, looking tenderly on the boy; "but love makes the young heart bold; and there is one who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." I again looked on the fearless child with his rosy cheeks, blue eyes and yellow hair, so unlike grief or sorrow, yet now sobbing aloud as if his heart would break. "I do not fear but that my grandfather will yet recover, soon as the minister has said one single prayer by his bed side. I had no hope, or little, as I was running by myself to the manse over hill after hill, but I am full of hopes now that we are together; and oh! if God suffers my grandfather to recover I will lie awake all the long winter nights blessing him for his mercy. I will rise up in the middle of the darkness, and pray to him in the cold on my naked knees!" and here his voice was choked, while he kept his eyes fixed, as if for consolation and encouragement, on the solemn and pitying countenance of the kind hearted pious old man.

We soon left the main road, and struck off through scenery that, covered as it was with the bewildering snow, I sometimes dimly and sometimes vividly remembered; our little guide keeping over a short distance before us, and with a sagacity like that of instinct, showing us our course, of which no trace was visible, save occasionally his own little foot prints as he had been hurrying to the manse.

After crossing, for several miles, morass and frozen rivulet, and drifted hollow, with here and there the top of a stone wall peeping through the snow, or the more vi-

sible circle of a sheep-bug, we descended into the Hazle-Glen, and saw before us the solitary house of the dying Elder.

A gleam of days gone by, came suddenly over my soul. The last time that I had been in this Glen was on a day of June, 15 years before, a holiday, the birthday of the king. A troop of laughing schoolboys, headed by our benign pastor, we danced over the sunny braes, and startled the linnets from their nests among the yellow broom. Austere as seemed to us the Elder's Sabbath face, when sitting in the kirk, we schoolboys knew that it had its weekday smiles; and we flew on wings of joy to our annual festival of curds and cream, in the farm house of that little sylvan world. We rejoiced in the flowers and the leaves of that long, that interminable summer day; its memory was with our boyish hearts from June to June; and the sound of that sweet name, 'Hazle-Glen,' often came upon us at our tasks, and brought into the school room the pastoral imagery of that mirthful solitude.

As we now slowly approached the cottage, through a deep snow drift, which the distress within had prevented the household from removing, we saw peeping out from the door, brothers and sisters of our little guide, who quickly disappeared, and then their mother showed herself in their stead, expressing by her raised eyes and arms across her breast, how thankful she was to see at last, the pastor, beloved in joy and trusted in trouble.

Soon as the venerable old man dismounted from his horse, our active little guide led it away into the humble stable, and we entered the cottage. Not a sound was heard but the ticking of the clock. The matron, who had silently welcomed us at the door, led us, with suppressed sighs and a face stained with weeping, into her father's sick room, which even in that time of sore distress was as orderly as if health had blessed the house. I could not help remarking some old china ornaments on the chimney piece—and in the window was an ever-blown rose tree, that almost touched the lofty roof, and brightened that end of the apartment with its blossoms. There was something tasteful in the simple furniture; and it seemed as if grief could not deprive the hand of that matron of its careful elegance. Sickness, almost hopeless sickness, lay there surrounded with the same cheerful and beautiful objects which health had loved; and she, who had arranged and adorned the apartment

in her happiness, still kept it from disorder and decay in her sorrow.

With a gentle hand she drew the curtain of the bed, and there, supported by pillows as white as the snow that lay without, reposed the dying Elder. It was plain that the hand of God was upon him, and that his days on the earth were numbered.

He greeted his minister with a faint smile, and a slight inclination of the head; for his daughter had so raised him on the pillows, that he was almost sitting up in his bed. It was easy to see that he knew himself to be dying, and that his soul was prepared for the great change—yet along with the solemn resignation of a Christian who has made his peace with God and his Saviour, there was blended on his white and sunken countenance, an expression of habitual reverence for the minister of his faith—and I saw that he could not have died in peace without that comforter to pray by his death bed.

A few words sufficed to tell who was the stranger—and the dying man, blessing me by name, held out to me his cold shrivelled hand, in token of recognition. I took my seat at a small distance from the bed side, and left a closer station for those who were more dear. The pastor sat down near his head—and by the bed, leaning on it with gentle hands, stood that matron, his daughter-in-law; a figure that would have graced and sainted a higher dwelling, and whose native beauty was now more touching in its grief. But religion upheld her whom nature was bowing down; not now for the first time were the lessons taught by her father to be put in practice, for I saw that she was clothed in deep mourning—and she behaved like the daughter of a man whose life had not only been irreproachable, but lofty, with fear and hope fighting desperately but silently in the core of her pure and pious heart.

While we thus remained in silence, the beautiful boy, who, at the risk of his life, brought the minister of religion to the bed side of his beloved grandfather, softly and cautiously opened the door, and with the hoarfrost yet unmelted on his bright glistening ringlets, walked up to the pillow, evidently no stranger there. He no longer sobbed; he no longer weeped; for hope had risen strongly within his innocent heart, from the consciousness of love so fearlessly exerted, and from the presence of the holy man in whose prayers he trusted, as in the intercession of some superior and heavenly nature. There he stood, still as an image

in his grandfather's eyes, that, in their dimness, fell upon him with delight. Yet, happy as was the trusting child, his heart was devoured by fear—and he looked as if one word might stir up the flood of tears that had subsided in his heart. As he crossed the dreary and dismal moors, he had thought of a corpse, a shroud and a grave; he had been in terror, lest death should strike in his absence, the old man with whose gray hairs he had so often played; but now he *saw* him alive, and felt that death was not able to tear him away from the clasps and links and fetters of his grandchild's embracing love.

"If the storm do not abate," said the sick man, after a pause, "it will be hard for my friends to carry me over the drifts to the kirk yard." This sudden approach to the grave, struck as with a bar of ice, the heart of the loving boy; and with a long deep sigh, he fell down with his face like ashes on the bed, while the old man's palsied right hand had just strength to lay itself upon his head. "Blessed be thou, my little Jamie, even for his own name's sake who died for us on the tree." The mother, without terror, but with an averted face, lifted up her loving hearted boy, now in a dead fainting fit, and carried him into an adjoining room, where he soon revived: but that child and that old man were not to be separated; in vain was he asked to go to his brothers and sisters; pale, breathless and shivering, he took his place as before, with eyes fixed on his grandfather's face, but neither weeping nor uttering a word. Terror had frozen up the blood of his heart; but his were now the only dry eyes in the room; and the pastor himself wept, albeit the grief of fourscore is seldom vented in tears.

"God has been gracious to me a sinner," said the dying man. "During thirty years that I have been an Elder in your kirk, never have I missed sitting there one Sabbath. When the mother of my children was taken from me—it was on a Tuesday she died, and on Saturday she was buried. We stood together when my Alice was let down into the narrow house made for all living. On the Sabbath I joined in the public worship of God; she commanded me to do so the night before she went away. I could not join in the psalm that Sabbath, for her voice was not in the throng. Her grave was covered up, and grass and flowers grew there, so was my heart; but Thou, whom, through the blood of Christ, I hope to see this night in paradise, knowest that

from that hour to this day never have I forgotten Thee!"

The old man ceased speaking—and his grandchild, now able to bear the scene, for strong passion is its own support, glided softly to a little table, and bringing a cup in which a cordial had been mixed, held it in his small soft hands to his grandfather's lips. He drank, and then said, "come close to me, Jamie, and kiss me for thy own and thy father's sake;" and as the child fondly pressed his rosy lips on those of his grandfather, so white, and withered, the tears fell over all the old man's face, and then trickled down on the golden head of the child at last sobbing in his bosom.

"Jamie, thy own father has forgotten thee in thy infancy, and me in my old age: but, Jamie, forget not thy father nor thy mother, for that thou knowest and feelest is the commandment of God."

The broken hearted boy could give no reply. He had gradually stolen closer and closer unto the old loving man, and now was lying, worn out with sorrow, drenched and dissolved in tears, in his grandfather's bosom. His mother had sunk down on her knees and hid her face with her hands. "O! if my husband knew but of this, he would never, never desert his dying father!" and now I knew that the Elder was praying on his death bed for a disobedient and wicked son.

At this affecting time the minister took the family Bible on his knees, and said, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, part of the 15th Psalm," and he read with a tremulous and broken voice, these beautiful verses.

Within thy tabernacle, Lord,
Who shall abide with thee?
And in thy high and holy hill
Who shall a dweller be?

The man that walketh uprightly,
And worketh righteousness,
And as he thinketh in his heart,
So doth he truth express.

The small congregation sung the noble hymn of the Psalmist to "Plaintive martyrs worthy of the name." The dying man himself, ever and anon, joined in the holy music—and when it feebly died away on his quivering lips, he continued still to follow the tune with the motion of his withered hand, and eyes devoutly and humbly lifted up to heaven. Nor was the sweet voice of his loving grandchild unheard; as if the strong fit of deadly passion had dissolved in the music, he sang with a sweet and silvery voice, that to a passer by had seemed that

of perfect happiness; a hymn sung in joy upon its knees by gladsome childhood before it flew out among the green hills, to quiet labour or gleesome play. As that sweetest voice came from the bosom of the old man, where the singer lay in affection, and blended with his own so tremulous, never had I felt so affectingly brought before me the beginning and the end of life, the cradle and the grave.

Ere the psalm was over, the door was opened, and a tall fine looking man entered, but with a lowering and dark countenance, seemingly in sorrow, in misery and remorse. Agitated, confounded, and awe-struck by the melancholy and dirge like music, he sat down on a chair; and looked with a ghastly face towards his father's death bed. When the psalm ceased, the Elder said with a solemn voice, "My son, thou art come in time to receive thy father's blessing. May the remembrance of what will happen in this room, before the morning again shines over the Hazle-Glen, win thee from the error of thy ways. Thou art here to witness the mercy of thy God and thy Saviour, whom thou hast forgotten."

The minister looked, if not with a stern, yet with an upbraiding countenance, on the young man who had not recovered his speech, and said, "William! for three years past your shadow has not darkened the door of the house of God. They who fear not the thunder, may tremble at the still small voice; now is the hour for repentance; that your father's spirit may carry up to heaven tidings of a contrite soul saved from the company of sinners!"

The young man, with much effort, advanced to the bed side, and at last found breath to say, "Father—I am not without the affections of nature; and I hurried home soon as I heard that the minister had been riding towards our house. I hope that you will yet recover—and if I ever have made you unhappy, I ask your forgiveness; for though I may not think as you do on matters of religion, I have a human heart. Father! I may have been unkind, but I am not cruel. I ask your forgiveness."

"Come near to me, William, kneel down by the bed side, and let my hand find the head of my beloved son, for blindness is coming fast upon me. Thou wert my first born, and thou art my only living son. All thy brothers and sisters are lying in the church yard, beside her whose sweet face thine own, William, did once so much resemble. Long wert thou the joy, the pride of my soul; aye too much

the pride, for there was not in all the parish such a man, such a son, as my own William. If thy heart has since been changed, God may inspire it again with right thoughts. Could I die for thy sake—could I purchase thy salvation with the outpouring of thy father's blood: but this the son of God has done for thee who hast denied him! I have sorely wept for thee—aye, William, when there was none near me; even as David wept for Absalom; for thee, my son, my son!"

A long deep groan was the only reply; but the whole body of the kneeling man was convulsed; and it was easy to see his sufferings, his contrition, his remorse, and his despair. The pastor said with a sterner voice, and austerer countenance than were natural to him, "know you whose hand is now lying on your rebellious head? But what signifies the word father to him who has denied God, the Father of us all?" "O! press him not so hardly," said the weeping wife, coming forward from a dark corner of the room, where she tried to conceal herself in grief, fear and shame, "spare, oh! spare my husband; he has ever been kind to me;" and with that she knelt down beside him, with her long, soft, white arms mournfully and affectionately laid across his neck. "Go thou, likewise, my sweet little Jamie," said the Elder, "go even out of my bosom, and kneel down beside thy father and thy mother, so that I may bless you all at once, and with one yearning prayer." The child did as the solemn voice commanded, and knelt down somewhat timidly by his father's side; nor did that unhappy man decline encircling with his arm the child too much neglected, but still dear to him as his own blood, in spite of the deadening and debasing influence of infidelity.

"Put the word of God into the hands of my son, and let him read aloud to his dying father the 25th, 26th and 27th verses of the eleventh chapter of the gospel according to St. John." The pastor went up to the kneelers, and with a voice of pity, condolence, and pardon, said, "there was a time when none, William, could read the scriptures better than couldst thou—can it be that the son of my friend hath forgotten the lessons of his youth?" He had not forgotten them—there was no need for the repentant sinner to lift up his eyes from the bed side. The sacred stream of the gospel had worn a channel in his heart, and the waters were again flowing. With a choked voice he said, "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life: he

that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this? She saith unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

"This is not an unbeliever's voice," said the dying man triumphantly; "nor, William, hast thou an unbeliever's heart. Say that thou believest in what thou hast read, and thy father will die happy!" "I do believe; and as thou forgivest me, so may I be forgiven by my father who is in heaven."

The Elder seemed like a man suddenly inspired with a new life. His faded eyes kindled—his pale cheeks glowed—his palsied hands seemed to wax strong—and his voice was clear as that of manhood in its prime. "Into thy hands, O God, I commit my spirit," and so saying he gently sunk back on his pillow; and I thought I heard a sigh. There was then a long deep silence, and the father and mother and child rose from their knees. The eyes of us all were turned towards the white placid face of the figure now stretched in everlasting rest; and without lamentations, save the silent lamentations of the resigned soul, we stood round the **DEATH BED OF THE ELDER.**

EREMUS.

BENJAMIN WEST.

Professional Character of Benjamin West, the American Painter.—From the London Observer, March 19.

West was a man of genius. He had an undoubted impulse to painting; but genius is of a great variety of excellence; the colours of that phenomenon are of all degrees, from the highest splendour down to the palest refraction; but they are all from the same sun. He had the originality that characterizes a powerful passion for his art. His tints wanted depth and nature, but his design never wanted force; his story was well told; his expression was full of feeling;—he was a great master of outline; he surpassed all of his day in the conception of human beauty; and no artist, since the revival of painting, has done so much to dignify the pencil, by the multitude, the choice, and the lofty treatment of the noblest subjects human and divine. West was the father of true history in painting. We acknowledge the glories of the Italian school, but no man can have looked upon their works without regret at their feeble and complicated conception of story. In the single figure, unrivalled; in the group, admirable for vigour of countenance and manliness of form; in narrative, careless and confused. To this there are exceptions, and the Last Supper, by Da Vinci, or rather its copies, and the Cartoons, are great evidences of the historic faculty. But in the immense majority, the narrative is scarcely to be conjectured.

When West came first before the public, this finest province of the pencil was almost abandoned; and an idea of the professional prejudice of the time may be conceived from this fact, that on his first sketch of the death of Wolfe, Reynolds, then the oracle of painting, pressingly advised him to put his figures in armour;—and on West expressing reluctance, entreated him to give them at least steel coats under their uniform. West has since related the anecdote, with the addition, that however advice from so high authority might have influenced him, he was henceforth determined to try whether the public could imagine a hero in a waistcoat.—This was a grand advance, and he may be ranked as the father of pictorial costume. From his early day downwards no artist has ventured to deviate from character, and pictures have become memorials of their times.

It has been frequently made a querulous question, whether exhibitions have been of any actual service to the arts:—and the triumph of the great Italian artists have been quoted as an evidence of the splendid excellences attainable without public exhibitions. But it is to be remembered, that those artists were at the head of public classes; that their numerous pupils were constantly employed in propagating copies of their works; and that the spirit of the master was sustained by the spirit of the time. But we have an answer that satisfies us of the value of exhibition here. Without this opportunity of trying his reception with the public, West would have been lost to the arts of England. He was on the point of returning to America for life, when he was urged to send his two pictures of 'Cimon and Iphigenia,' and 'Angelica and Medora,' to the great room in Spring Garden, with General Monckton's portrait, which he painted on his arrival. The high approval which these works received, decided him to remain in this country. His fame rapidly increased, and on the incorporation of the artists in 1765, West was chosen one of the directors.

Artists of all orders, perhaps habitually, indulge in complaints of patronage; but in England no man ever wanted patronage who brought talents to its purchase. West was introduced to the personal notice of the king by the archbishop of York, Dr. Drummond. But he had introduced himself more powerfully by his own fresh and vigorous reputation. West's first painting at the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1769, was that noble performance, his *Regulus*, undertaken by his majesty's order.

No artist has left so many noble delineations of the prouder and more sublime remembrance of the ancient and modern times. The pencil was never employed with a higher purpose, and those who have hung up before the eyes of their children the most admirable and vivid representations of Greek, Roman, and English fortitude, patriotism, and virtue, ever produced in Europe, may be grateful to West. His *Agrippina*, *Regulus*, *Wolfe*, and *Penn*, were almost the first darlings of the epic pencil in England, and it was among their least merits that they gave a more sacred and lofty direction to historic painting in the country, which, beyond all others, has abounded, and abounds, and will abound in glorious subjects for the commemoration of posterity.

At the peace of 1802, West went to Paris. The revolutionary spirit had boasted of giving energies to the arts, and David, notorious for his share in the general atrocities, had established a school on the ruins of that of Louis XVI. and XV. The favourite painter of the king of England was received with boundless caresses. He was waited on by a deputation from the Institute, and invited to a grand banquet. He was received with great cordiality by the first consul; and Napoleon assigned him apartments in the Louvre.

The latter years of West's life flowed on in calm diligence, and uninterrupted fame. His last works were indications of powers still more vigorous, and conceptions not less sublime, than the labours of his earlier life. His studies had been for some years chiefly directed to scripture subjects; and it is not inconsistent with the character of his venerable mind to believe that he was directed to this choice by a higher feeling than its popularity.—He had now passed the limit of ordinary life; and at a period when almost his entire generation were laid in the grave, or surviving only in decay and exhaustion, West, in his seventieth year, formed the grand design of illustrating the four ages of Revelation: His plan was to devote a picture, on the largest scale, to the Patriarchal *Æra*, one to the Jewish, one to the Christian, and one to that final and mighty consummation unveiled in the Apocalypse. Of these, he executed but the two latter; the former remain as a proud contemplation for the man who is to take up the laurel now laid on his bier.

THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

The people of this noble island seem to have received with the utmost joy, the news of the revolution in Spain. Their constant intercourse with the English and Americans, the education of many of their youths in the United States, the attention to our concerns, which their proximity naturally induced, and other obvious causes, contributed to dispose their minds towards a liberal system of government, and to make the constitution of the Cortes even more dear to them than to the patriots of the mother country. It is an edifying thing to find the soldiery, as in Spain, co-operating with the multitude in compelling the royal authorities to imitate at once the example of Ferdinand. We have in our hands some late numbers of a publication, entitled "Memoirs of the Royal Economical Society of Havana," which show that important advances have been made there in several branches of public economy, and that an enlightened attention is given to education and agriculture. The policy of encouraging the settlement and multiplication of whites, founded on the danger from the number of the black population and the neighbourhood of Hayti, is pro-

claimed in the publication abovementioned, and pursued by various expedients. Don Alexander Ramirez, the present intendant (an officer of more real authority and efficiency than the governor), is a man of very liberal ideas, and extensive knowledge. By a minute and ingenious table of the population of the island, prepared under his direction, and printed last December, it appears that the whole number of inhabitants, permanent and transitory, was, in 1817, 630,980; of whom, 314,202 were people of colour, giving these a majority of 75,406, over the whites. We are informed from a good source, that the returns were too low, and that the total may be estimated at eight hundred thousand, for the present time. The number of free negroes and mulattoes on the island, is stated, in the table, at 58,568, a fearful proportion! the number of blacks imported in 1817, at 25,976; the number of ecclesiastics of every description, spread over the island, at 1034, and the number of military at 19,430.

[*Nat. Gaz.*

Horace in Hebrew.—M. Benedict Schott, aulic counsellor of the grand duke of Darmstadt, has translated the odes of Horace into the Hebrew language. When Horace sung,

*Me Colchus, et qui dissimulat metum
Marsæ cohortis Dacus, et ultimi
Noscent Geloni: me peritus
Discret Iber, Rhondanique potor,*

he thought he had exhausted all the geography, together with all the languages of the world. What would he say, were he living now?

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